

# BLACK HAWK

The phantom of Indiana

BY LOU WEDEMAR  
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EDITOR'S NOTE: The narrative, "Black Hawk," a thrilling story of life in Indiana, is purely fiction and its leading characters exist only in the author's imagination.

**SYNOPSIS**

Black Hawk, whose sign is a winged death head, demands evacuation of central Indiana. He has bombed the postoffice from an airplane. He has threatened the President. He has attempted to blow up Union station and one of his agents, Whispers, has been killed when thwarted.

Robert Martineau, wealthy Indianapolis major of the military intelligence in assigned to the case. He is in love with Ava Brown, a beautiful society girl who is betrothed to Lionel St. George, wealthy scientist, at her father's insistence.

Following the attack on the terminal, Bob and Police Lieutenant Quintain spend the night in the Graypool. Although the room is severely locked, Quintain is killed by a hatchet man.

In a hollow of the hatchet handle is a message from Black Hawk threatening to blow Indianapolis off the map unless every resident moves to the Black Hawk. Indicates that he, too, loves Ava Brown. All residents are forced to guard the city. A personal ad appears in newspapers, saying, "Freedom's Torch Leads the Way."

Bob and Ava, on their way downtown, are kidnapped and are forced down a manhole and find themselves in a tunnel.

**CHAPTER NINE (Continued)**

They stumbled along for an hour, Ava finally leaning against Bob, exhausted.

Bob estimated they were near Sixtieth street when they came to a halt.

"We've traveled more than a mile," he said, "and nothing has happened. Do you want to rest?"

Not a breath of air stirred down there, and the silence was broken only by a faint rumble, which might be from traffic on the street level.

"Is it safe to rest?" Ava asked.

"I suppose so. If he's going to turn the water on, it will catch us before we reach the end anyway."

"Water! Why, we'd be drowned like rats!"

"YES, And no one would ever know what happened to us. Our bodies would be washed ashore on the banks of White river, somewhere near the new Meridian street bridge. That's all any one would ever know."

"Did you know about this tunnel?"

"Yes. That's one of the bits of knowledge we have in the intelligence service. It has a military value, you can see."

"And the Phantom wants you to tell him about such things—so he can use them against us?"

"Yes, I suppose so. With this tunnel, for instance, he could plant a line of bombs across Indianapolis, and at a signal wipe out half the city!"

**THEY** resumed walking. Search as they would, there were no openings to the surface. There were not even any vents, for the tunnel had been built before they were considered important.

"We ought to be near the river now," Bob said at length.

A moment after he spoke a rushing sound became audible.

"He has turned on the water?" Ava asked, quite calmly.

"I don't think so. Not yet. That's probably the river, at the end of the tunnel."

They came then into a slightly wider section of the tunnel, and Bob's lantern showed a small cell at one side.

Suspended from the top by thin wires were two instruments—a microphone and radio loud-speaker. Fastened to the microphone was a note: "When you get here call me."

Bob looked at Ava. Should he obey the note, or should they go on and see if they could escape at the end? Certainly Black Hawk had arranged for either eventuality. They might as well talk with him. Bob fixed in his mind, as well as he could, where they were, in case they got out and could trace back on the surface.

"Hello!" he called tentatively.

There was a response at once.

"Hello, Major Martineau," said a sneering, high-pitched voice. "Are

**MORE SATISFACTION CAN'T BE BOUGHT FOR 5¢**

**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**

THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS



## THIS CURIOUS WORLD



SINCE THE TIME OF ADAM, THE EARTH HAS MOVED ALONG THROUGH SPACE ABOUT 225,000,000,000 MILES FROM WHERE IT WAS AT THAT TIME.

**THE AMERICAN INDIAN**

DOES NOT BELONG TO A BEARLESS RACE / MOST MALE INDIANS COULD GRIN, A MUSTACHE AND BEARD, IF THEY DID NOT PLUCK OUT ALL FACIAL HAIRS BY THE ROOTS

**ALLIGATORS, BEFORE THEY HATCH OUT OF THE EGGS, MAKE A LOUD, SQUEAKING NOISE, THAT CAN BE HEARD SEVERAL YARDS AWAY.**

THE EARTH is being dragged along through space by the sun at the rate of something like 750 miles a minute. If you live to a round 80 years old, you will have been transported some thirty billion miles from where you were at birth.

NEXT—When did the twentieth century begin?

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

EGAD—HOW CAN YOU REFUSE IT? ONLY 10¢ A CHANCE ON A TWENTY-POUND TURKEY! WHY, I'VE TAKEN FIFTEEN CHANCES, MYSELF! UMP—WHAT A CHEAP CROWD IN THIS HOUSE! TIGHTER THAN BARNACLES!

UM—PUT ON 'BY TH' OWLS CLUB, EH? WILL I EVER FORGET TH' TURKEY BUSTER WON ON YOUR OWLS CLUB RAFFLE, ONCE! IT HAD A FLINT ARROW-HEAD IN IT, FROM TH' TIME OF TH' PURITANS! TOOK NINE HOURS TO ROAST IT, AN' WAS LIKE CHEWING A WESTERN SADDLE!

IF I'D A KNOWED TH' OWLS CLUB WAS HOLDIN' THAT RAFFLE, YOU WOULDN'T A GOT MY DIME! SELLING TICKETS—AN' THEY HAVEN'T STOLE TH' TURKEY, YET! —WEIGHS 20 POUNDS, INCLUDING TH' CRATE!

THE OWLS CLUB WILL MAKE ABOUT \$40. ON A \$3. TURKEY



## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

DO YOU MIND IF I SAY SOMETHING TO YOU, FRECKLES?

NO, NOT AT ALL, CRASH! SURE... GO AHEAD

HOW'S THE OLD SOUP BONE, CRASH?

EVERYBODY ELSE HAS BEEN CONGRATULATING YOU ON YOUR PLAYING, FRECK—SO HERE'S MY MITT ON IT, TOO!

THANKS, CRASH!

YOUR THREE TOUCHDOWNS REALLY WERE SWELL, KID, GEE, IT WAS TOO BAD I HADDA LEAVE THE GAME IN THE LAST QUARTER.

SURE IT WAS—BUT, ANYWAY, WE WON THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

YEAH—BUT SEVERAL MORE TOUCHDOWNS WOULD'VE BEEN THAT MUCH BETTER.

LISTEN TO HIM, WILL YA! I'M SURPRISED THAT HE EVEN CONGRATULATED FRECKLES.

CHANCES ARE THE COACH PUT HIM UP TO IT!



## WASHINGTON TUBBS II

**MYSTERY SURROUNDS DARING HOLD UP!**

MASKED BANDITS TAKE GOLD DUST VALUED CLOSE TO \$100,000 • WASH TUBBS MISSING.

HE'S BEEN KIDNAPED!

NAH. HIS RIFLE AND SNOWSHOES ARE GONE, AND THIS CLOSET DOOR WAS SMASHED FROM THE INSIDE.

LOOKS MORE LIKE WASH WAS LOCKED IN AND MANAGED TO ESCAPE.

THANK HEAVENS! THEN HE'S PROBABLY LOOKING FOR US.

BUT WASH ISN'T LOOKING FOR THEM. HE'S ON THE TRAIL OF THE HOLD-UP MEN, ALONE.

IT'S A CINCH IN THIS SNOW.



## ALLEY OOP

WE'RE JUST OUT OF IT'S REACH—IF IT DON'T KNOCK THE TREE DOWN.

RUMBLE!

BOOM!

WE'RE SAVED! THE THUNDER SCARED HIM AWAY! HE'S HEADED BACK TO THE RIVER!

HEY, OOP! LISTEN TO ME! LOOK HERE—WHAD'YA SEE?

WHY—IT'S 'DINNY!!—AN' 'OOOLA! THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR US, I BETCHA!

HEY! HELP! DINNY—'OOOLA—HEY! HELP! HELP!



## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

AN ORCHID!!!! —to Boots, my lil' honey bun— from Ferdie

HUH! IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT "MY LIL' HONEY BUN"

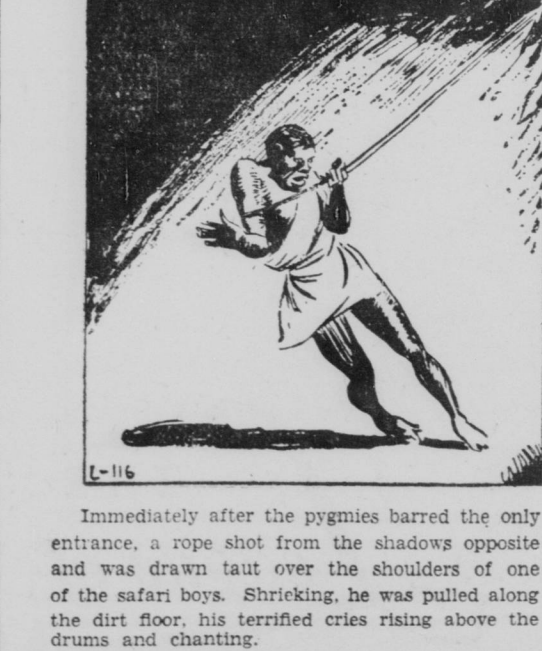
AND HERE'S A LIST OF HER SWEETIES, WANTING DATES — WELL, WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HER

AND HERE'S SOME CANDY I SUPPOSE SOMEONE SENT HER

EEFYOW



## TARZAN THE APE MAN




Immediately after the pygmies barred the only entrance, a rope shot from the shadows opposite and was drawn taut over the shoulders of one of the safari boys. Shrieking, he was pulled along the dirt floor, his terrified cries rising above the drums and chanting.

The man had been caught by some of the pygmies on a bridge-like structure above the gorilla pit. Dangling like a pendulum, amid the acclaim of the dwarfs, the helpless native was lowered, the first victim of the horrible man-thing.

Slowly the pygmies lowered the victim. As he reached the earthen floor of the pit they threw the whole rope over. In abject terror the native cringed against the pit's wall, trying frantically but futilely to climb out. Slowly the gorilla arose.

The huge beast began to amble toward the victim. The man tried to dodge it. A great hairy arm shot out and grabbed the terror-stricken man, who shrieked in an agony of fear as he was drawn toward the fangs of the slavering, growling gorilla.



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